



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



THE SONG OF THE PINES
BY DOUGLAS VOLK

Copyrighted by Douglas Volk



CHILD SEWING, BY FRANK W. BENSON.

THREE IMPORTANT NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS.

AND now at the end of the art season—a season rich in sales, general exhibitions of all sorts and individual shows by great and small men, of pictures big and little in every known medium (I really doubt if the oldest and most artful of our inhabitants can remember another such)—here are the big shows by which are marked the year's standing in American art. Instead of two, as usual, there are this year three, caused by ten members of the Society of American Artists seceding and forming a coterie called "Ten American Painters." They have withdrawn in much the same manner that the men who at first composed the society left the Academy a score of years ago. And now this same Society has arrived at the distinction of having in turn an offshoot. Having viewed the three exhibitions, it is easily seen why the first split took place, and the latter one is no less readily understood. It was inevitable that the younger men returning from foreign ateliers should be dissatisfied to the point of withdrawal with the tone of the Academy exhibitions; these ten painters, it is manifest, cared not to exhibit with an organization practically pledged to fill a given amount of wall space, if



NIGHT AND THE WANING DAY
BY GEORGE BARSE, JR.
SHAW PURCHASE PRIZE

not with works of the first class, then with the best available. Their showing at the Durand-Ruel galleries of forty-five works does not especially differ from the Society exhibition in Fifty-seventh street, except that the forty-five are all No. 1 things—really a Society show, with all the twos and threes and fours left out! One cannot help feeling that it is better thus—certainly more pleasing to the ten painters—though it affords little chance for the younger man to come up. To one seeing pictures all the time, this little gallery containing nothing but good pictures is a treat, but it has yet to be proven that it will appeal more strongly to the picture-loving public as against the art-loving public.

* * * * *

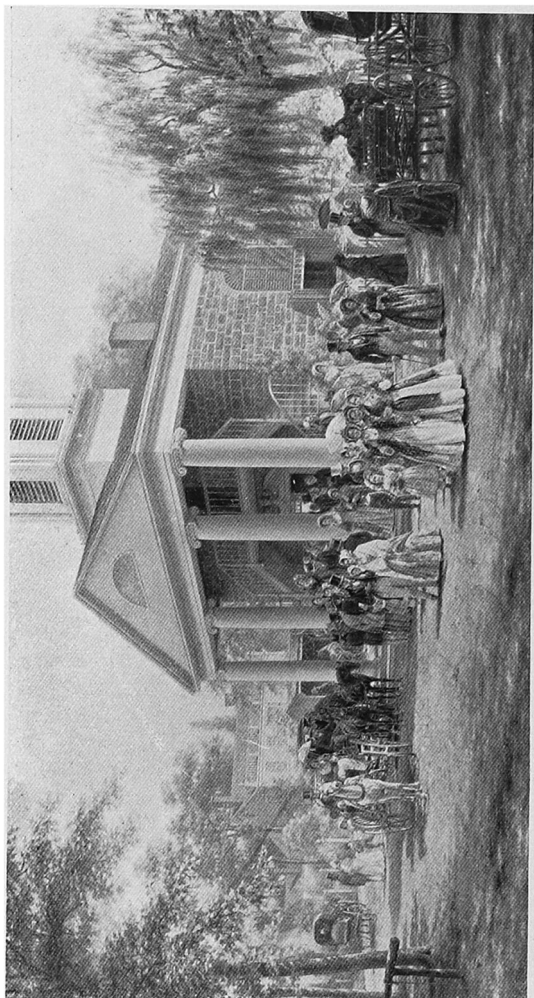
At the Academy this year one is not disappointed to find the usual number of "subject" pictures—we have come to expect it, and he who goes to the Academy goes prepared for just that. To say "an Academy picture" is to use a very definite term. There are many good ones of the sort, too; for example: Mr. Henry's "Sunday Morning" (No. 203), showing a group of people in the costume of a generation ago, before a church of the same period, is full of good work and is a document of increasing value. It may be worth adding that it "actually happened"—I believe the edifice still stands. Mr. Ward's "Coppersmith" (No. 235) is another good picture in its solid, careful painting and general completeness. Mr. Brown is also represented, as usual, by one of his gamin studies, and Mr. Gaul with the no less usual military canvas. In another class we may put the contributions by Messrs. Chase, Thayer, Benson, Reid, Alexander Harrison, Smedley and Barse—all serious, well-painted things. Mr. Chase's "In the Studio" (No. 211) has a very definite charm; Mr. Benson's "Child Sewing" (No. 226) leaves almost nothing to be desired, and the "Portrait" by Mr. Thayer possesses all the strength and character we have come to associate with his signature. There are other portraits, but Mr. Beckwith's portrait of his wife is the most notable, and would remain so in much stronger company. In it Mr. Beckwith has had the assistance of a charming collaborator and has shown his appreciation by a wholly pleasing canvas surely and evenly painted. It is a full-length, life-size affair; Mrs. Beckwith is shown in street costume, and Mr. Beckwith has managed his varying textures of cloth and fur very skillfully. Among the landscapes will be found familiar ones by Mr. Jones, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bristol and Mr. McCord, and in no way different from the ones they always give us. And here is Mr. Palmer's inevitable "Winter in the Adirondacks." By this time Mr. Palmer should do this sort of thing with his eyes shut; there is no denying he does it mighty well, however it is done. More exhilarating and nearer glimpses of nature have been set down for us by

the late W. L. Picknell and Messrs. Dessar and Charles Warren Eaton. The first named, "On the Banks of the Loing" (No. 192), is an exceptionally strong thing and will hold its own anywhere. It seems large (about 3 by 5 feet) for the Academy galleries, as do the rather scenic "Setting Sun, Coast of Cornwall" (No. 130), by Mr. Laurence, and Mr. Parton's "The Woods" (No. 99). Mr. Shurtleff is worthily represented, as usual, and it must be said for Mr. Eaton that he is now painting definitely toward something. These canvases have a nice dramatic quality rarely seen in Academy landscapes.

* * * * *

One's first look at the exhibition at the Fine Arts galleries in Fifty-seventh street is appetizing in the extreme. It is obtained when one mounts the steps at the street entrance, and only one picture is to be seen—Sargent's "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps-Stokes." It is nearly a block away and the eye travels down the long hall and across three wide galleries to reach it. It is charming from there; some of its defects are minimized and the color and strength seem to lose not at all. But, in academic parlance: "Is Mrs. Phelps-Stokes really that many heads high?" The other Sargent contributions bear a closer scrutiny more bravely—the Stevenson portrait is all that could be desired—absolutely unaffected in treatment as it is in pose. Mr. Sargent seems modestly to have forgotten himself and his medium altogether and to have worked with only the other master in mind. That it must be accepted as *the* portrait of Stevenson is beyond question. It is just right. And the two little Spanish bits, though informally sketchy, show perhaps even more clearly what a master hand is his. The exhibition this year is entirely too strong in the matter of weak portraits—they are to the right of one—to the left—all about—there seems no escape. Mr. Hyde's are almost invariably uninteresting; Mr. Brush's show a laborious conscientiousness that is depressing; Mr. Thorn's are hard and stiff. Why prolong the list? Let us find some that are at least more agreeable. Here is one by Clinton Peters; another by James Wall Finn is notable for its pleasing composition; Louis Loeb's "Woman with Poppies" is attractive, though so entirely hot in color that the poppies fail as a note, and the "Sonia" by F. Louis Mora is almost good.

There is still another class, however, in which should be placed the canvases by Messrs. Thayer, Chase, Alexander, Charles Hopkinson, Mowbray, Beckwith, Herter, Sergeant Kendall and Wilton Lockwood. Mr. Chase's "Did You Speak to Me?" (No. 57) is wholly pleasing; Mr. Alexander's big studies of women in fashionably picturesque gowns are refreshing in their "difference" and show to advantage not only his large knowledge of women and their frocks and such, but his thorough



SUNDAY MORNING
BY E. L. HENRY



IN THE STUDIO
BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

technical equipment. All the contributions by Mr. Hopkinson are distinctly satisfactory in their strength and simplicity almost posterlike. The Mowbray portrays a woman in black, and throughout is carefully painted and drawn, though one wishes for a bit more of color in the background; the Herter is interesting for its quiet, refined tone and air of honest endeavor. Mr. Lockwood's "Master of Hounds" (No. 66) is absolutely honest and most satisfying—it is big and strong, and has the simplicity and tone that go to make the Hopkinson pictures good. Much might also be said in praise of Mr. Kendall's "Portrait" (No. 196), in the East Gallery, but it is hardly seen to advantage at the short range the little gallery affords. The young woman is seen seated upon a veranda and to the left distant trees and sky form a part of the background—a fragment that seems to harmonize with little else in the picture and is very disturbing. But one cannot doubt that the picture was actually painted in the open air—the whole canvas says so frankly.

Of the landscapes, Mr. Chase's naturally demand attention first—really, what would an exhibition be without him!—he is all around us with sketches of almost everything, all done in his fine, enthusiastic, breezy way. In point of fact do we not depend every year upon a small number of men to carry our shows here? And how few!—without whom our walls would be dull indeed. These things by Mr. Chase of sea and sky and sandy shore are like a breath of the salt-sea air itself—he has somehow managed to bring a bit of even that back to us, as he would a flower. So long as one paints only paintable things he remains a painter merely; it is when he goes beyond that and makes us feel and hear the things paint will not express—ah, he is much more than "William M. Chase, Painter," and of his things one may speak only in praise. Then we have several good things by Walter Clark, who does the New England hills in a fine, truthful way that quickens one's pulse—his "New England Village" (No. 270), between wooded hills is invigorating. And a Bolton Jones or two, with several nearby "Jones landscapes," evidently by his understudies. And one by Leonard Ochtman, who seems always to look through one window at the same snowclad hills and leafless trees. Mr. Ochtman deserves and should have a new window, even if we've to resort to a popular subscription. And a big, monotonously green landscape by William A. Coffin which seems a little worse than usual. I am always fearful lest Mr. Coffin get a prize—he cannot be too careful. This year I have seen no less than five (I'm sure) moonlights and nocturnes by L. P. Dessar; they were all good, but differed mostly in the title as above. They are of a pleasing greenish tone and give the effect of chilly moonlight remarkably well and contain also a few sheep, one shepherd, and a house with wooden blinds through a

crack of which we get a narrow glimmer of orange light. We are generally allowed a star—which sometimes affects the title—at times two. I do not wish to be understood as treating the Dessar pictures with anything but the greatest respect, but I grieve to see a painter of Mr. Dessar's ability developing a window of the Ochtman sort. Much in the same vein are three interpretations of night themes by Edward F. Rook, all of



PORTRAIT OF A LADY, BY SAMUEL ISHAM.

which are as pleasing in effect and truth as they are puzzling in treatment. The "Pearl Clouds—Moonlight" (No. 259) is a great picture. In the small West gallery one is confronted by a big canvas by Walter L. Palmer, which is the very best Northern Pacific Railway landscape I have yet seen—it is evidently another of the set to which belongs his "A Mountain Torrent" at the Academy. Of course, this kind of picture is

indispensable but there are other places where it would be more welcome. Mr. Potthast sends a charming "Annisquam Lighthouse," and there is a little "Marine" by Hopkinson (No. 312) that cannot fail to please anyone who is fond of boats and water and the music of creaking blocks. With a high horizon the water occupies nearly the whole of the square canvas; at one side a corner of a landing stage barely shows and a little way out are two small sloops with sails and ropes which flap almost audibly in the freshening breeze. The whole thing is chock full of air and motion. Mr. Hopkinson is one of the men whom we could hardly do without. There are several things by Whistler in the exhibition, all from private collections, I believe, and quite old — one, the "Westminster Bridge" (No. 282), seems to have hung in a dark-brown room for very many years, and none is by the later Whistler we know.

The miniatures in the Central gallery are of special interest this year, being very numerous and of exceptional merit. Laura C. Hills' are all most attractive; other good ones are by Theodora W. Thayer. The sculpture, placed here as usual, while containing good work by Herbert Adams and Miss Yandell, is not especially important.

* * * * *

The Ten Painters are Messrs. Reid, Dewing, Metcalf, Hassam, Simmons, Weir and Twachtman, of New York, and Messrs. De Camp, Benson and Tarbell, of Boston. At the Durand-Ruel galleries in Fifth avenue, where this year they hold their first exhibition, there is a refined quiet that is most comforting. The pictures are hung for the most part in groups (the forty-five works are all in one room) and one notices how discreetly all the things are framed. This might be advertised as the Plain Frame School, which would certainly crowd the little gallery. I don't mean to say I noticed these frames first off — but the extreme quiet did impress me and I deliberately set about finding an explanation; it is merely that the frames are modest enough to play into the pictures' hands. The whole room is a restful place. There are no bad pictures. They are all good, and each group has an excellence all its own. Mr. Dewing shows three of his delicately toned portrait works, and a large composition, "Before Sunrise," has two small female figures of the Dewing sort against a background of cool green. It is all most poetic. In evening dress — have the young women been up all night? Much stronger is the "In Green," a low and finely toned portrait of another of Mr. Dewing's distinguished women, always notable for their poise, superior breeding and infinite charm. Sometimes they are quite bony, nearly always intellectual — the charm is always there. In this example the figure is seated and shown in half length and the hands are exquisite and appreciatively painted.

Mr. De Camp has painted in his "Magdalen" a very remarkable picture. It is quite the best study of the nude we have had this season, though to call it a study of the nude is hardly just, for it is what all the other nude studies are not. It is very realistic, and while painted with



IN CHURCH, BY WALTER SHIRLAH.

almost the breadth that characterizes certain Zorn and Sargent productions, in this there is not the paintiness sometimes noticeable in the work of these men. Largely, simply done, it is absolutely satisfactory, and one is left with nothing to say in criticism and at a loss for words to express his appreciation.

In Mr. Hassam's group there is much variety ; to me the most pleasing is " The Rain — New York," a wet street with picturesque buildings looming up in silhouette against a fine sky. They have a very foreign look, but one has only to go a little way off the busier thoroughfares to find these same quaint roofs and chimney pots. Mr. Reid's four things are all more or less decorative in treatment and entirely pleasing, " The Trio " especially so, in which the young girls in summer costume wear also garlands and chains of green leaves. The whole thing is full of sunlight. The " Autumn," a single figure with russet foliage, if not so successful is nicely illustrative. The " Breezy Day "—an enthusiastic sketch of a young woman posed against a sky of blue with hurrying clouds—appears hasty, though fine in spirit. But the hills and trees in the background are so dwarfed in proportion to the figure that it becomes at once that of a (charming) giantess—one is reminded of the Gellett Burgess lamppost rhyme, in which

*" . . . a little boy was turbl strong
And pulled 'em out to 'leven feet long."*

The air and sun are there, however, and we must thank both Mr. Reid and the wind-swept young woman.

Messrs. Benson and Tarbell show portraits and similar figure subjects little different from their contributions to the other shows, good in almost every respect—Mr. Tarbell in his " Girl with Azaleas " painting with a fine freedom. The other groups are almost as interesting. Mr. Simmons' are strong, Mr. Weir's are unique to a fascinating and almost puzzling degree, but they are all very good pictures. And the dainty catalogue by Mr. Kimball is an exquisite little affair and reflects credit upon both Mr. Kimball and the coterie itself.

* * * * *

Concerning the prizes and their award this year, what can be said? It is all only the more convincing that the ways of awarding juries are indeed past finding out. There are at the Academy five prizes: The Clarke prize of \$300, the Hallgarten prizes of \$300, \$200 and \$100, and the Dodge prize of \$300 for the best picture by a *woman*. And at the Society of American Artists the Webb prize of \$300, and the Shaw fund which purchases each year for \$1,500 a figure-picture selected by the jury.

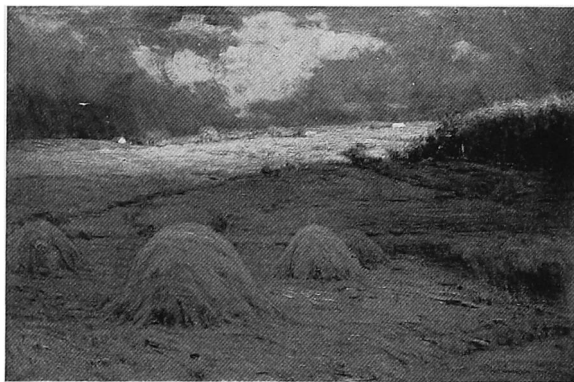
The Clarke prize went this year to Abbott H. Thayer for his " Portrait," which, creditable as it is, can hardly be called an " American Figure Composition," and it is for that the prize was offered. The three Hallgarten winners were Robert Reid, Harry Roseland and Walter C. Hartson. In the case of Mr. Reid this was merited, for his decoration is very charming in color, line and key (by the way, the " reproduction " in the Academy catalogue is absolutely the most unjust one I ever saw).

But the other two pictures are very hard to find and are discouraging when found; the Roseland canvas is stupidly painty, and to encourage Mr. Hartson by a prize for his landscape is nothing short of criminal. He has been doing better things for years. The Dodge prize went to Letitia B. Hart for her "The Keepsake," not altogether bad in color and atmosphere, but badly drawn and containing some reckless perspective that a huge bunch of flowers tries vainly to screen. The prize has in past years gone to women of great ability; witness Cecilia Beaux, Clara McChesney, Edith Mitchell Prellwitz and Mary L. Macomber, not one of whom could ever have done the '98 winner.

It is not so surprising that two important prizes go this year to Messrs. Thayer and Reid, both prominent for long in the Society, for the men of that organization have a way of carrying off some of the Academy honors each year. It would be interesting to know what the jury found unsatisfactory in the Beckwith portrait.

At the other show the Webb prize goes to George H. Bogert for his "Evening, Honfleur," a by no means remarkable landscape. And the Shaw purchase prize is awarded to George R. Barse, Jr., upon his "Night and the Waning Day," a large composition of two partially draped floating figures which do not float, pleasing in color, but not adequately drawn. The right leg of the figure to the left is especially stiff and does not float a bit — the effect is that the whole figure stands as completely as do any of Gibson's, without a suggestion of support. The fault is even more plain in Mr. Barse's Academy picture (frankly a study for this figure), for the leg is more exposed — one cannot help wishing the artist had seen fit to make the drapery in the final picture still more opaque.

ORSON LOWELL.



AFTER THE STORM, BY CHARLES WARREN EATON.